



带 Wapiti and the Drowsy Ones. 带



HE jungle lay white and frozen under its blanket of snow. Whenever the doors of the Winter houses opened the People from the Big Northern Jungle shivered and asked each other

"By my claws and teeth, all the earth is white," exclaimed the largest of the Lion Cubs, as he caught a glimpse of the snow

"The world must be coming to an end," said a shivering young Puma, curling up in the

farthest corner of his cage. "He! there, Sultan!" said one of the young tigers, "you are old and full of wisdom, tell us, pray, why all the Jungle is white and our teeth chatter so?"

Old Sultan rose thereupon, and, having walked majestically to the front of his cage, lifted up his voice and

"It is well that all you children should know that we are no longer in the Big Jungle of our fathers. For some into the far North, where, ever and anon, the earth is white and our hair stands out stiff and harsh. However, I would counsel you to be patient and calm. The food is wholesome and plenty, and is laid each day conven-

The wise counsel of the old Lion caimed the young. people somewhat, but filled them with such curiosity about the Big Jungle home of their fathers that all through the long day the elder people were kept busy asswering their questions. Thus it happened that neither Pwit-Pwit nor the Little Limping Boy could get the attention of any of the people in the Winter houses. So the Sparrow and the Boy went out into the snow to

call upon the People of the Big Northern Jungle. Wapiti, the deer, stood in the snow with head aloft, his great branching antlers thrown back and his nostrils quivering. Fwlt-Pwit flew up and alighted on one of the prongs of the deer's antlers and chirped merrily

"Glorious fun, this snow, Isn't it, old fellow?"



"IT WAS JUST SUCH A DAY AS THIS IN THE SUCAT FOREST," of them, and impolite, and I wont have it."

But Wapiti made no answer, as he still stood sniffing at the frosty air.

"I know what is the matter of him," said the Little Limping Boy, who was holding a piece of bread between the bars, hoping that the deer would come and rub his nose on his arm. In his usual friendly way; "he is trying to remember something that happened when it was Winter in the great woods where he ran free."

The Sparrow pecked at the shreds of skin hanging from Wapiti's antiers, and at length the deer turned his head toward the Little Dimping Boy and spoke:

"Go away now," he said, "but come back again, I smell something in the air that makes me feel like leaping and running with all my speed. Come back after a little and I think I will have remembered what it is."

The Sparrow hopped down to the Boy's feet and began fluttering and scolding at him, at which he laughed



"COME, NOW, WILL FOU WAKE TPP"

"Lead the way Pwit-Pwit," he said; "I understand what the deer says as well as you do."

The Sparrow seemed to be immensely grafified at this news. He hopped along beside the Little Limping Boy, chirping so loudly that the tinkle of the icon on the Boy's crooked log could hardly be heard at all. Straight to the den of the grizzly bear they went, but to their great disappointment all of the Dear People were curled up fast asleep and snoring

"Well, what do you think of that?" demanded Pwit-Pwit, indigrantly. "A nice way to receive visitors, this is. They know I always come when the sun shines full

"The snow and the cold have made them sleepy," said the Little Limping Doy, who now understood the Spar-

"Perhaps that is sp," said Pwit-Pwit, "but it is stupid

With these words the Sparrow flew at the eyes of the oldest Bear, pecking, and chirping saucity;

"Come, now, will you wake up? You have company for

But the old Bear simply put his great paws over his eyes and snored louder than ever It was the same with the younger boars. They had eaten their breakfasts and were determined to sleep,

Pwit-Pwit fluttered out of the bears' den and, fixing his sparkling eyes on the Little Limping Boy's face, said:

"I know what we'll do. We'll call on the Reccoon-People. They're horrible little chatterboxes, but they're inclined to be sociable. Besides, I've been neglecting them

So they went a little farther up the hill, where stands the house of the Raccoon People, with its door looking

toward the sun, which is always closed at night. "It is a little late to catch them at breakfast," said Pwit-Pwit, "but they're such greedy people that some of them are sure to still be quarrelling over the last morgel."

But to the intense surprise of the Sparrow all was silent within the Raccoon house. Pwit-Pwit hopped in at the door, and presently returned looking intensely

"Would you believe it," said the Sparrow; "every one of those silly people is snoring louder than the Bears. Isn't it disgusting?"

"They are like the Bears," said the Little Limping Boy. "The cold makes them

"Well, I shaut go without my breakfast any longer, simply because it is my duty to earry the early news to people who are too stupid to listen to it," chirped the Sparrow. "I'm half started. Come, we will call on the old gray Rabbit. There is no one so wise as he in all the Jungle-and he always saves a choice morsel for me out of his breakfast."

it was only a few steps to the snewy hillside where the old gray Rabbit watched over his large family, the youngest of which was a snow-white great - nreat -

granddaughter. Without waiting for a special invitation. Pwit-Pwit took possession of a bread crust, and was pecking at it greedily, when a wonderful thing happened. The old gray Rabbit hopped slowly over to where the Little Limping Boy stood leaning upon the top rail of



"THEY LIVED UPON THEIR FAT," SAID THE OLD GRAY RABBIT.

long cars straight up

his ears so wonderfully simple and clear th possibly misunderstand it. And t

gray Rabbit said: "Little Boy, your leg is crooked." pale, but we of the Jungle know and wiser than those great, care with the bread and the cabbage less heat of Summer you came dally. were falling you still came. Not white and cold you 'o not forget are one of us. It is not given to .. to speak as plainly as I do, but If y at this hour for three days I will give

every tongue spoken here. While the Rubbit was speaking Pwit beside him and looked the Little Limpl

We siready understand each other very Sparrow. And then Pwit-Pwit told the Ral had visited the Bears and the Raccoon People,



"THE BARRIT PEOPLE ARE EVER ON